

# SPAWN

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86

DIGITAL EDITION



TODD McFARLANE AND IMAGE COMICS PRESENT...

# ABDICATION

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## SPAWN 85 Summary

Sam and Twitch warn the Fitzgerald family to leave the city for their own safety until they can deal with Billy Kincaid's wrath. Knowing that Billy Kincaid occupies Police Officer Rafferty's body, Spawn, with the help of the alley inhabitants, surround and attempt an exorcism. In the heat of the battle, Twitch shoots Officer Rafferty to his great remorse at shooting an innocent family man.

DEDICATED TO  
**Brian Michael Bendis**



TODD McFARLANE  
PRODUCTIONS




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WORM  
FOOD...



IN  
THE END,  
THAT'S ALL WE  
AMOUNT TO, ISN'T  
IT? DOESN'T MATTER  
IF YOU WERE GOOD.  
OR BAD. OR  
JUST PLAIN  
UNLUCKY.



IN THE  
END YOU'RE  
JUST ANOTHER  
COLD SLAB OF  
MEAT. DEAD AND  
GONE AND  
SOON TO BE  
FORGOTTEN.




ONE  
WAY OR  
ANOTHER...  
SOONER OR  
LATER...  
EVERYTHING  
DIES...



EVERYTHING  
EXCEPT  
ME.







KINCAID  
WAS RIGHT,  
WASN'T HE? EVERY-  
THING I DO ONLY  
MAKES MATTERS  
WORSE. EVERYTHING  
I TRY ONLY MAKES  
THE DEVIL  
STRONGER.


THAT'S  
THE REAL  
TRUTH,  
ISN'T IT?



OF COURSE  
NOT. YOU CAN'T  
BELIEVE THAT.  
IT WAS A BLUFF.  
A PLOY.

BILLY WAS JUST  
TRYING TO KEEP  
YOU OFF-BALANCE,  
PREYING ON YOUR  
OWN SELF-DOUBT  
IN AN EFFORT TO  
CONTROL YOU.

FUNNY...  
I WAS JUST  
THINKING... I  
COULD SAY  
THE SAME  
THING ABOUT  
YOU.



PEOPLE  
DIED, COG.  
BECAUSE OF ME.  
THERE'S NO GETTING  
AROUND THAT. THERE  
ARE MORE SOULS  
IN HELL TONIGHT  
BECAUSE OF  
ME.



EVERY WAR HAS  
CASUALTIES, SPAWN. YOU  
WERE A SOLDIER. YOU SHOULD  
UNDERSTAND THAT. BUT YOU  
MUST KEEP YOUR EYE ON  
THE **BIG PICTURE**...



YOU KNOW,  
OLD MAN... THE  
MORE I SEE OF  
YOUR "BIG PICTURE,"  
THE LESS I  
LIKE IT.



GO.  
LEAVE ME  
ALONE. ALL THE  
WORDS IN THE  
WORLD WON'T  
CHANGE  
WHAT I'VE  
DONE...



LOOK  
AT YOU.  
YOU  
GODDAMNED  
PUSSY...



PATHETIC.



DON'T YOU  
THINK IT'S ABOUT  
TIME YOU GOT OFF  
YOUR FREAKIN' ASS  
AND **DID**  
SOMETHING?











WHERE  
ARE WE?

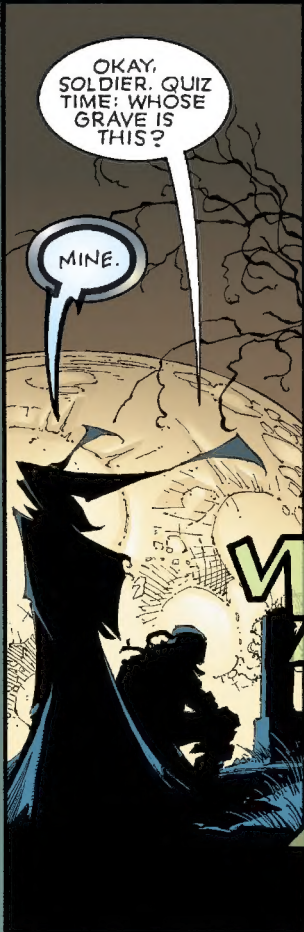
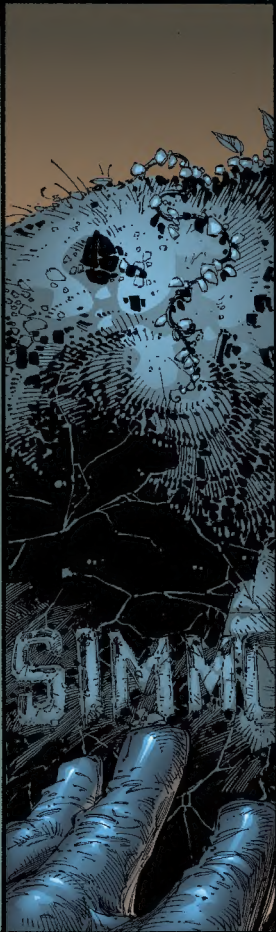


NOWHERE.

I  
WOULD HAVE  
THOUGHT YOU'D  
RECOGNIZE  
IT.



JUST A LITTLE  
FURTHER. GOT SOME-  
THING I WANT TO  
SHOW YOU.



OKAY,  
SOLDIER. QUIZ  
TIME: WHOSE  
GRAVE IS  
THIS?

MINE.



W  
R  
P!



WRONG.  
IT'S  
**MINE.**

AND TO BE  
PERFECTLY  
HONEST, I'M  
SICK TO  
DEATH OF  
YOU PISSING  
ALL OVER  
IT.

YOU'RE NOT  
**ME**, GET IT?  
YOU'RE NOT AL  
SIMMONS. MAYBE  
YOU WERE ONCE,  
BUT THAT WAS  
A LONG TIME  
AGO.

TIME  
TO BURY  
THE PAST,  
BUD. SOONER  
OR LATER,  
EVERYTHING  
**DIES.**

EVEN  
ME.

HHNNNN





THIS IS  
A LIE. A  
TRICK.

OK, YEAH?  
THEN WHY  
ARE YOU  
SHAKING?



YOU'RE SCARED  
OF THE TRUTH,  
MAN. AFRAID TO DEAL  
WITH THE REAL.

THAT'S WHY  
YOU LET THAT  
OLD MAN BOSS  
YOU AROUND, AIN'T  
IT? SO YOU DON'T  
HAVE TO FEEL  
RESPONSIBLE.

MAKES  
ME SICK TO  
LOOK AT YOU. I  
WAS A PROUD  
MAN. A MAN  
OF ACTION.

BUT  
YOU...  
WHAT A  
WASTE.



YOU DON'T  
UNDERSTAND...

WHAT?  
THAT YOU'RE  
TRYING TO FIND  
YOUR "TRUE  
PATH"? THAT  
YOU'RE DOING  
THE BEST YOU  
CAN?

PROBLEM  
IS, YOUR BEST  
AIN'T ALL IT'S  
CRACKED UP TO  
BE, IS IT?





OK, YEAH.  
BUDDY, I  
KNOW ALL  
ABOUT YOUR  
"BEST."

LOOK AT  
THE WORLD  
OF HELL YOU  
BROUGHT DOWN  
ON ALL THOSE  
POOR FOLK IN  
THE ALLEYS.

HOW MANY  
INNOCENT  
PEOPLE WERE  
LEFT DEAD IN  
YOUR WAKE WHILE  
YOU WERE TRYING  
TO WORK OUT  
YOUR IDENTITY  
ISSUES?

I'M SURE  
THEY'D FEEL  
BETTER IF THEY  
KNEW IT WAS ALL  
PART OF YOUR  
OWN PERSONAL  
GROWTH  
PROGRAM.



LET'S FACE IT.  
CAN YOU THINK OF  
ONE LIFE YOU'VE TOUCHED  
THAT HASN'T REAPED A  
WHIRLWIND OF CRAP  
BECAUSE OF YOU?

... ONE  
BATTLE YOU'VE  
"WON" THAT HASN'T  
BLOWN UP IN YOUR  
FACE SOMEHOW?

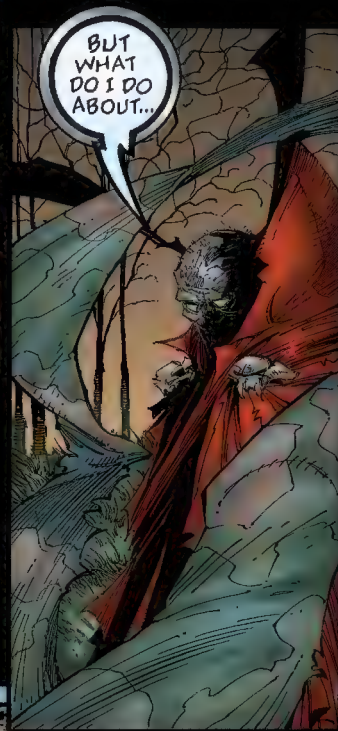
HELL,  
YOU EVEN  
DRAGGED WANDA  
AND HER POOR  
LITTLE KID INTO  
YOUR CESSPOOL  
OF A "LIFE."

'COURSE,  
I GUESS IT'S  
EASIER TO HIDE  
IN THE PAST, MOPING  
LIKE FREAKIN'  
**HAMLET** IN THE  
ALLEYS.


BUT  
BEING A  
GOOD SOLDIER  
ISN'T ABOUT  
DOING WHAT'S  
**EASY.**

THERE  
WAS A TIME  
YOU KNEW  
THAT.









A soldier in a military uniform and helmet stands in a dark, wooded area. He is holding a rifle and looking towards the right.

YOU STILL  
DON'T GET IT. WANDA  
WAS *MY* WOMAN,  
NOT YOURS.


A large, close-up illustration of a man's face, likely Batman, with a serious and intense expression. He is wearing a green tactical mask.

IT'S *ME*  
SHE MISSES,  
BUD. ME SHE  
DREAMS ABOUT,  
LATE AT NIGHT,  
WHEN TERRY  
DOESN'T COME  
HOME. NOT  
YOU.

JUST THE  
THOUGHT OF YOU  
MAKES HER SKIN  
CRAWL. HELL, CAN  
YOU BLAME HER?  
HOW COULD SOME-  
ONE LIKE HER...

A large, close-up illustration of Batman's face, showing his eyes and part of his mask. He has a red cape. In the background, a small figure of a person lies on the ground.

**SHUT  
UP!**  
SHUT YOUR  
DAMN  
MOUTH!!

A close-up illustration of a hand, possibly belonging to Batman, with a red cape visible in the background.

WHAT'S  
THE  
MATTER,  
SLICK?

A close-up illustration of a person's face, possibly a soldier, looking upwards with a concerned expression.

TRUTH  
HURT?


A close-up illustration of a person's face, possibly a soldier, with blood splatters on their cheek and a pained expression.

UGH!!

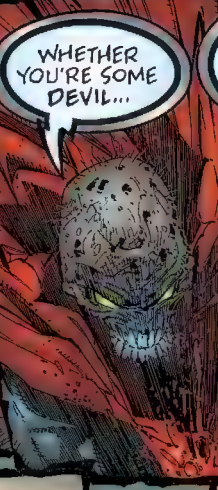




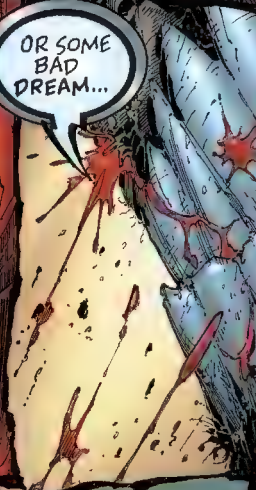
I'LL  
SHOW YOU  
**HURT!**




I DON'T  
CARE WHO  
YOU ARE.



WHETHER  
YOU'RE SOME  
DEVIL...



OR SOME  
BAD  
DREAM...




OR THE  
GODDAMN  
GHOST OF  
CHRISTMAS  
PAST.



I'LL  
MAKE YOU  
SORRY YOU  
WERE  
EVER...



I'LL...  
...



GO ON...  
FINISH IT...  
**DESTROY**  
ME...





LIEUTENANT...  
THAT'S AN  
ORDER.

I... I  
CAN'T.

BUT--

YOU HAVE  
TO. DON'T YOU  
SEE... IT'S THE  
ONLY WAY...  
FOR BOTH  
OF US...

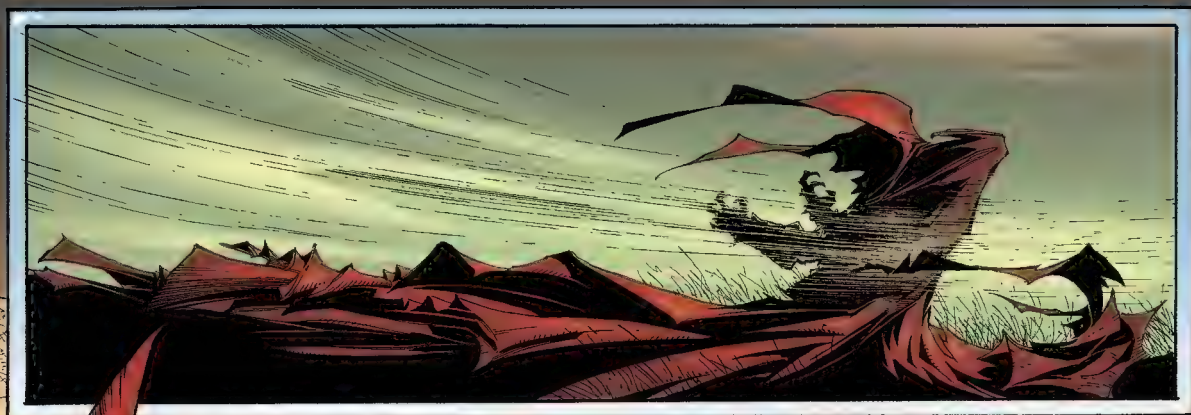
FORGIVE  
ME.  
REST EASY,  
SOLDIER.



WHAT  
HAVE I  
DONE?







YOU  
WERE  
RIGHT. I'M  
SORRY.

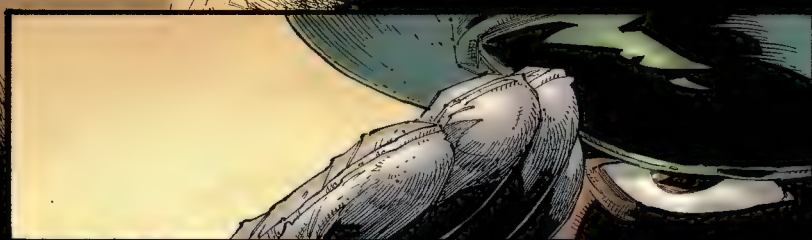
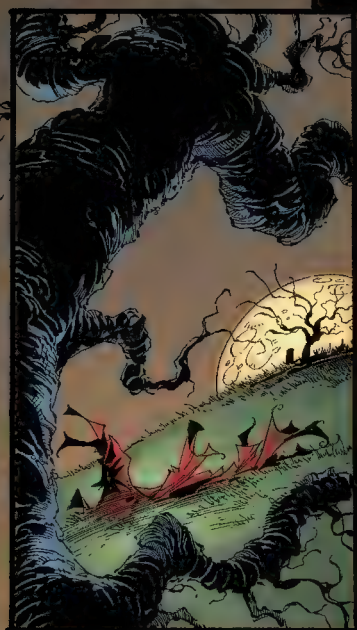


WHEREVER  
YOU ARE NOW,  
I HOPE YOU'RE  
AT PEACE.



GOD  
KNOWS  
YOU'VE  
EARNED IT.  
GOODBYE.












The comic page is divided into several panels. The top panel shows Spawn and Al Simmons in a room with a destroyed ceiling and debris on the floor. Spawn is on the left, looking towards Al. Al is on the right, looking back. The middle panel is a close-up of Al Simmons' face, looking confused. The bottom-left panel shows Al Simmons looking down. The bottom-right panel is a close-up of Spawn's face, looking intense. The text is contained within speech bubbles and a large stylized bubble.

SPAWN,  
BUDDY...  
WAIT UP.  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING?

CLEANING  
HOUSE.  
SOMETHING I  
SHOULD HAVE  
DONE LONG  
AGO.

"CLEANING  
HOUSE"? Huh?  
WHAT'S THE  
GAG? I DON'T  
GET IT.

YOU  
DON'T  
NEED TO  
"GET" IT.  
JUST GET  
OUT!

BUT WHERE  
AM I SUPPOSED  
TO GO?

THAT'S  
NOT MY  
PROBLEM.

C'MON, AL. IT'S  
ME, BOBBY. JUST TELL  
ME WHAT'S GOING ON,  
OKAY, AL?

AL?

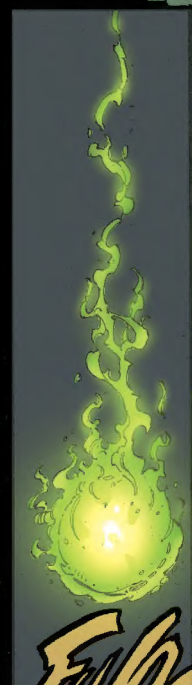
AL  
SIMMONS IS  
DEAD. NEVER SPEAK  
THAT NAME  
AGAIN...

I AM  
**SPAWN!**





SPAWN,  
WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING?



TAKING  
MATTERS  
INTO  
MY OWN  
HANDS.



I REFUSE  
TO BE A  
PAWN IN  
SOMEONE  
ELSE'S  
GAME.



FROM  
NOW ON,  
THE ONLY  
RULES  
WILL BE  
MINE.

FWOOSH!!





ENOUGH!  
I DEMAND YOU  
STOP THIS NONSENSE  
AT ONCE. YOU'RE NOT  
THINKING CLEARLY!  
DON'T YOU UNDER-  
STAND WHAT'S  
AT STAKE?

UNHAND  
ME, OLD MAN.  
YOU ARE IN NO  
POSITION TO  
DEMAND  
ANYTHING.



BETTER  
GET OUT  
WHILE  
YOU STILL  
CAN.

KAFF KAFF  
DAMN YOU,  
SPAWN! WHAT  
IN *choke* HELL  
DO YOU THINK  
YOU'RE  
DOING?



DOING?  
ISN'T IT  
OBVIOUS?



**I  
QUIT.**







Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE